

## Arrest of Mutineers.

The mutineers of the ship *Junio*, who arrived at New Bedford last Friday, were taken to Boston on Saturday. The Boston Journal of Monday afternoon says:

"At the examination this morning before Mr. Commissioner Cushman, the Court not being ready to proceed, the case was continued to Wednesday next. The prisoners were heavily ironed, and were attended by F. A. Parker, Sidney Webster, Henry Choate, and J. H. Prince, Esqs. as counsel. C. L. Woodbury, Esq., appears for the United States. The prisoners appear anything but the hardened villains their crimes show them to be, and this morning appear to be in the most genial and contented humor.

It will be remembered that these mutineers murdered the captain and the second and third officers of the ship. The first officer concealed himself on board for some days, and his life was spared as he was needed to navigate the vessel. He says:

"After I was found I was told to steer for Cape Horn, Australia, I did so, and made it on Sunday, January 3, 1858. In the morning all hands were called, and every thing on board pertaining to the whaling business was thrown overboard. All stores except bread and water were destroyed. The crew then left the ship in two whale boats, taking everything of value they could find, and landed on Ninety Mile Beach, where six of them left an I went into the interior; the other four sailed to Twofold Bay, where they gave themselves out as Americans on the voyage from Melbourne to Sydney. Suspicion being excited they were arrested, but for want of evidence were discharged. They continued in this locality for some time, leading a gay and reckless life. Plummer, who called himself Capt. Wilson, became quite a ladies' man, and when arrested was on the eve of marriage."

"When the men left the ship they imposed an oath on the mate to take the ship to New Zealand. Had he done this, we would have been much time elapsed for the men to look out for their safety, but of course, disregarding an oath thus imposed, he bore for the nearest port. He shaped his course for Hobart Town, but, meeting a vessel, was advised to sail for Sydney, and did so. On his arrival the story excited the deepest sympathy, and by the earnest efforts of the English authorities all the men but two were arrested, and given over to the American Consul for transportation to this country under the extradition treaty."

Two of the chief mutineers, Wm. Paine alias John Hall, and Cornelius Burns have never been arrested, and are supposed to have died after taking to the bush in Australia. The Boston Journal says:

"What could lead the mutineers to the commission of so fearful a deed does not fully appear, but they were probably induced to it by the machinations of the seaman Plummer, who had once before been engaged in a similar deed, and passed part of his life as an Australian bushman, to which mode of living he probably wished to return, and induced the others to join him."

"The English authorities are spoken of by those who have the charge of the case here in terms of the warmest praise, as the case has there been most thoroughly examined, and transmitted with an exactness extremely unusual. An English guard was sent over in the ship which brought the mutineers to this country, and day and night have the prisoners been most carefully watched. They are manacled in the most heavy manner, and have worn the same iron ever since they left Sydney. Beside their confinement, which appears to have been gratuitously given, there is ample testimony to convict them of the crime."—*National Intelligencer*.

## The Oldest Bible in the Country.

Under this head, a description of a bible belonging to the Rev. Mr. Duffield, of Detroit, which bears date 930, has been copied into many of the papers. Though over a thousand years old, it does not merit this appellation, as will be seen from the following statement, which we copy from the Boston Transcript:

"There is, in the library of Harvard College, a Greek manuscript of a portion of the scriptures, that is older by one or two centuries, than Dr. Duffield's bible. And in a private library in Cambridge there are several monastic manuscripts of the entire Bible, similar in every respect to that described. There is also in the same library an evangelistarium, or selections from the Gospels for the use of the Church—a folio volume of over three hundred pages, written on parchment in the eighth century, that is, 1100 years ago and seven hundred years before the art of printing was known. This book, is of course older by about two hundred years than the Detroit bible, and we have no account of any other book in this country of equal antiquity. We find an account of this and other bibliographical rarities in Rev. Luther Farnham's interesting little work, 'A Glance at Private Libraries.'

We notice an error in the description of the material on which the bible belonging to Dr. Duffield is written. We believe the skins of goats and kids were never used for biblical manuscripts. The articles used for this purpose were vellum prepared from the skins of calves, and parchment from the skins of sheep.

## The Carroll Free Press.

"THE UNION OF THE STATES AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNION."

VOL. 26.

CARROLLTON, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1858.

NO. 37.

## The New Democratic Issue.

Forney's Press shows up the iniquity of the English Bill, which is the cornerstone of Democracy in Ohio. Douglas himself has lately expressed similar views, and his friends in this State, who are now without an organ, will be glad to see what opinions are entertained of the measure by Douglas men elsewhere. The Press says: The English Bill which was substituted for Lecompton "pure and simple," is an expedient which only aggravates the injustice originally contemplated. It provides that because the people of Kansas would not submit to the outrage of having a Constitution imposed upon them against their will, they must be punished for their contumacy by being kept out of the Union. Because they would not tamely acquiesce in the infliction of one wrong another is to be meted out to them. The highway robbers of Mexico make it a rule that if a traveler peaceably submits to the plunder of his pockets, he is in other respects treated as a gentleman, but if he resists the robbery he is murdered. The English Bill Kansas policy is based upon a principle equally just and humane. It is worse than life—it is wicked, foolish and unjust—to persist in a course founded on such an idea. When the people of Kansas peaceably and honestly form another Constitution have it ratified at the polls, and ask admission into the Union under it, we to the men who by a blind adherence to the English quality, may endeavor, for attempting to drag Kansas into the Union as a slave State, with a Constitution obnoxious to her people, to add to the measure of their injustice by voting against her admission as a free State, under a Constitution not ratified and approved by her people! They will be doubly condemned by their outraged constituents, and fall from the high stations they have disgraced "like Lucifer, never to rise again."

Of course, every regular Democratic candidate for Congress in this State, occupies precisely the odious position thus denoted. It is doubtless the position of Mr. Cox. Kansas is to be punished for refusing to come into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution by being kept out as a free State. As the Press says: "because they would not tamely acquiesce in the infliction of one wrong, another is to be meted out to them." So says the Administration—so say the resolutions of the Ohio State Convention—what says Mr. Cox!—*Ohio State Journal*.

## The Hair of the Presidents.

In the Patent Office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the Government, and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of these objects of curiosity, when in Washington in December last, there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair taken from the heads of the different Chief Magistrates, from President Pierce, secured in a frame, covered with glass. Here is in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals, whose names are as familiar as household words, but now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth, his hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only President excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is peculiar, being coarse, and a yellowish grey in color.

The hair of Gen Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen Harrison is a fine white with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen Taylor is white with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Pierce is a dark brown of which he has a plentiful crop.

## Don't Neglect the Grape Vines.

If our readers have given heed to our monthly hints on this subject, they have already begun the summer pruning of their grapes. They have rubbed off the superfluous shoots which often spring from a single joint, leaving only one to grow and that the strongest. And as numerous rampant suckers have sprung up around the stump of the vine, they have pulled them off, unless it so happened that they wanted a new shoot or two to supply the place of some defective branches. At present, then, their vines are not a mass of wild, ungoverned foliage, but the canes are just numerous enough, and so laid in as to well cover the trellis, and yet afford light and air to the leaves and fruit.

As the berries attain to the size of large shot, remember to pinch off the shoots two or three joints beyond the fruit. This will check the flow of sap, and the formation of unnecessary wood, and will throw the forces of the vine into the clusters. After a little while the buds below will push again. Let them grow an inch or two, and then give them a second pinching, and even a third, if necessary. By the time this last application has been made growth will cease, and the grapes will begin to ripen.

If it is your object to get the greatest possible number of grapes, let the clusters all grow, large and small. But if you wish to grow only the best possible fruit, then take off the smaller clusters, here and there, all over the vine, and the clusters remaining will get all the food they need to develop themselves handsomely. It may cost you a slight struggle to throw away so many bunches, but if you mean to surprise your friends next September and October with some splendid fruit, or if it is your ambition to carry off the prizes at the approaching Fairs, then don't hesitate between quantity and quality. And further, if you have fixed upon a lot of superior clusters in different parts of the vines go over them carefully with the sharp pointed scissors made for the purpose, and nip out all the small or diseased berries, so that those remaining can swell to larger and more uniform size. If you are a bungler you will prick some of the fairest and best berries, and do more harm than good. After the grapes have begun to color, do not handle them, as you will thereby rub off the bloom from the fruit, which is one of their chief attractions.

*American Agriculturist, August.*

## A Man of Peace.

Some of the senior members of the worthy Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, who flourished in the generation now fast fading out, were oftentimes witty and waggish, if not sometimes witty and wicked. Friend Zephaniah Padback, master and chief owner of the old whaling brig *Grampus*, was one of the strictest, most buttoned and drab colored models of the sect of passive obedience and non resistance. But his chief officer, or mate, belonged to the world's people, and despite of frequent remonstrances would persist in the use of profane interjections. They were cruising near the Western Islands in the spring of 1813, and wishing to escape the visitation of a long low black-sided schooner. Capt. P. desired a couple hands to go aloft to perform some necessary operations upon the topsails. The men said nothing, but would not budge. Earnest entreaty and quiet reasoning could not move the delinquents. At length Zephaniah, turning to the mate, said, "Cousin Nathan, thee must talk to them in thy language." Instantly the first officer gave forth a yell, with a fearful oath, naming the eyes fore and aft, and the mate at once sprung to their duty, but to listen to fulfill it in such a manner as to effect the desired change of the vessel's course. The schooner soon came up within gun shot. Nathan who had upon the foremast a favorite old swivel, burdened with a four pound ball, was desperately prepared to blaze away at random. But the master stepped forward and gently remarked: "Mate, if I were going to point that shooting iron, I would take that craft a little aback the fore chains. It was done, the shot told, and as the visitor wore off, Zephaniah waved his hand from the quarterdeck saying, 'Fare thee well; hope thee will always strive to be peaceable.'—*Boston Post*.

## An Organic Difficulty.

A parish in the west of England, after much effort, lately purchased a self-acting organ, warranted to play twenty tunes, and a larger congregation than usual met to inaugurate it. The first psalm had been successfully brought to an end, when after a short pause, the organ chose to commence psalm number two. In vain the officiating parson endeavored to stop it; in vain the church warden left their own pews to stifle the noise; still the organ, as though unconsciously pleased with its own execution, kept on with the new air. What was to be done? The service was suspended, in the hope that the musical stranger might be content when the second tune was played out. Vain expectation! It commenced number three! and nothing remained but to carry the instrument into the churchyard, and there to cover it with the vestry cart to choke its voice, for on and on it went till the number of twenty had been played out, much to the edification of the less attentive part of the congregation, who could hear only half smothered melodies.

A Mr. Lamar, hailing from Charleston, publishes an address to the people of the South, in which he urges a revival of the slave trade. He closes thus: "I will re-open the trade in slaves to foreign countries, and your cruisers can catch me if they can."

## Affecting Incident.

We are indebted to Mr. L., recently returned from a whaling voyage, for the following touching narrative: On the home voyage of our New York and Liverpool packet, she being crowded with emigrants, that awful scourge, the ship fever, broke out. The carpenter of the vessel, one of nature's noblemen, and having on board his little son, a lad of some twelve summers, was one of the first victims. His shipmates sadly enclosed his body in his hammock, and having read over him the burial service, and attached to his feet a grindstone, for the purpose of sinking it, committed it to the embrace of old ocean. The poor boy, overcome with grief at the loss of his natural protector, sprang overboard, and before he could be rescued, was beyond the reach of human aid.

On the day following the burial, a large shark was noticed in the wake of the ship, and as it was almost calm, the sailors asked permission to catch it, which was readily granted by the captain. Having procured a hook and attached a chain and line, and baited it with pork, they cast it overboard, and soon had the exciting pleasure of hooking the monster, and with the aid of the windlass, they hauled the writhing mass on board. As it lay on the deck in its death struggles, the sailors heard a singular rumbling noise, that seemed to proceed from within the dying captive. Taking a ship axe they soon cut their way into the now dead fish, and to their great surprise found that it had swallowed the carpenter, grindstone and boy, and that the former, who had swooned, had rigged up the grindstone, and with the assistance of the boy to turn it, was just grinding his jack knife to cut his way out!

## Our Aristocracy.

According to the census of 1850, there are in fifteen slave States a population of 6,184,477, while the number of slaveholders is only 347,525, or one seventeenth of the whole white population. The slave holding aristocracy, however, like the aristocracy of England, rule the majority of the Southern people by means of their huge monopoly. They not only rule in the Southern States, but they control the National Executive, the Supreme Court, and the policy of Congress. No man can receive an appointment to office who is suspected of being unfavorable to the domination of "Our Aristocracy." How long is this Aristocratic rule to continue? The modern "Democracy" insist that their domination should be without end, they always "acquiesce" in the measures initiated by "our aristocracy," and denounced all who oppose their measures as guilty of atrocious wickedness. They are seldom found opposing any of the decrees of "our aristocracy," but if they should do so by mistake, they make hasty atonement for the error, and do the works of repentance. Some of them are now crawling back into the confidence of the slave holders, and are repenting of their hardihood which led them to oppose Lecompton. We hope "our aristocracy," will receive the repenting dough-faces; they need some consolation, and the prospect is that they will get but precious little from those at home who know their flexibility of principle and their dexterity at assuming the virtue they do not possess. We do not claim to have much influence with "our aristocracy," but what little we have shall be freely exerted in favor of the party who opposed Lecompton, and now wish to retain the confidence of Mr. Buchanan. Application may be made at any time.—*O. S. Journal*.

## Wedding-Ring-Ology.

As most of our fair readers have a fourth finger, and that finger is liable to be called upon, or is already used, for consecrated service, it is worth while to give "the doctrine" on the subject:

The wedding-ring finger is the fourth finger on the left hand. Why this particular digit should have received such a token of honor and trust beyond all its congeners, both in Hagen and Christian times, has been variously interpreted. The most common explanation is according to Sir Thomas Browne, "presuming therein that a particular vessel, nerve, vein or artery, is conformed thereto from the heart," which directed vascular communication Brown shows to be anatomically incorrect.

Macrobios gives another reason, which may perhaps satisfy those anatomists who are not satisfied with the above. "Pollex, he says or thumb, (whose offices and general usefulness are sufficiently indicated from its Latin derivative *pollex*, and from its Greek equivalent *antichir*, which means 'as good as a hand') is too busy to be set for any such special employment the next finger to the thumb being half protected on that side, beside having other work to do, is also ineligible, that opprobrium attaching to the middle finger called *medicus*, puts it entirely out of the question; and the little finger stands exposed, and is, moreover, too puny to enter the lists in such a contest, the spousal honors devolve naturally on *promissus*, the wedding-finger.

In the British Apollo, 1788, it is urged that the fourth finger was chosen from its being not only less used than either of the rest, but more capable of preserving a ring from bruises; having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other fingers, whereas the rest may be stretched out to their full length and straightness.

## The Indian Campaign on the Pacific.

We learn from the Union that the War Department has determined to order Gen. HARNEY to the command of the army in Washington Territory, to conduct a winter campaign against the Indians, and that the General and his staff officers will leave for the Pacific in about six weeks. Upon these facts the Union remarks:

"This is an important and delicate trust conferred upon a General who has won great distinction in contending with the savages. A winter campaign against powerful and wealthy tribes, in a country extremely broken and little known, is a work which will tax all the capacity and experience of the General in command, and will be looked after with solicitude by the whole country.

"The country has evidenced confidence in the experience, energy, and military capacity of Gen. Harney. He has been assigned one of the most important commands ever undertaken in this country. The foe are powerful, numerous, wealthy and sagacious. They are too, unquestionably the bravest tribes on the whole continent. Flushed with their victory over Col. Steptoe, and thus led to underestimate the white man's strength and prowess, they certainly promise a fine job for our army, now concentrating against them. The result, however, cannot be doubtful. A winter's campaign, we feel confident, conducted by Gen. Harney, will tell the whole story of Indian subjugation on the Pacific.

"It may be asked why the winter has been so determined upon as the season for prosecuting hostilities against the tribes in Washington? This we learn, has been in consequence of the peculiar face of the country inhabited by the Indians. It is covered by high mountains which are inaccessible except by certain gorges known only to the Indians, through which can escape, and thus defeat the best-laid plans of the invaders. These gorges or passes are filled with snow, and are wholly inaccessible; the tribes will be thus enclosed within the valleys where snow falls in light quantities and remains only a day or two on the ground. With pontoon wagons rubber bags, and other implements of protection in crossing the streams, it is believed Gen. Harney, an experienced and energetic woodsman, and a good Indian fighter, will have no trouble in penetrating all the Indian settlements and discommoding them of their cattle, horses, and provisions, if nothing else, on which they sorely rely. We have no great faith in mere battles with the Indians. They will never fight if they can avoid it. Jackson's system of fighting was to destroy their cattle, horses, and their means of subsistence. This is sure to paralyze them and make them sue for peace. A winter campaign alone can do this; for, however well advised of the country, the tribes have still a better knowledge of it, and can remain in harmless security while our army is looking over their deserted villages and contemplating their ubiquitous character."

## A Story With a Moral.

The Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal tells us a story of two verdant gentlemen of that place, who went to Cleveland in company. On arriving there, D. proposed a spree, but J. satisfied with seeing the lions, thought it best to forego a visit to the elephant. Accordingly D. started off alone, leaving his watch and a considerable amount of money with his friend for safe keeping. Never having so large a sum in his possession before, J. felt keenly the greatness of the responsibility imposed upon him. He passed a sleepless night, meditating on the mishaps that might befall the reckless D. His concern was not diminished the next morning on finding that the revolver had not returned, and the thought flashed across his mind that if he had been murdered, the possession of his watch and money would direct suspicion upon him. As the hours wore away, and brought no D. with them, his anguish and fear gave place to desperation and rushing to the Lake side, he hurried the evidence of the anticipated crime into the water.

Hardly had he returned to his hotel when D. entered, bearing the marks of a protracted spree, and the occasional complaint, a fight. He had become involved in a broil, locked up in the watch-house, fined, and now wanted his money. The scene that ensued was more exciting than agreeable to either party, but a compromise was finally effected, and the two returned to the rural districts, impressed with the conviction that though it may be sometimes agreeable to go on a spree, it is not always very pleasant work to get over it.

Nathaniel L. Rogers, who recently died at Salem, was a lineal descendant from John Rogers, prebend of St. Paul's and first martyr of Queen Mary's Reign. It was his daughter who danced with a descendant of the Catholic King who sanctioned the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day, led down the may dance a fair daughter of the line of John Rogers, the first English martyr to Romish intolerance.

THE BEST PARTNERS.—For whist, the cleverest and most indulgent; for dancing the handsomest and the most amusing; for business, the steadiest, the wealthiest, and the most attentive; and for marriage, one who combines the qualities of all the three.

## A Courtship of Aaron Burr.

In those fortunate years it was that Colonel Burr paid his court to one of the loveliest of Philadelphia's ever lovely belles and had the narrow escape from a second marriage. They met—twas in a crowd; and each was smitten with the other's pleasant qualities. Again, he saw her at her father's table, where his attentions were equally pointed and welcome. A tale-a-tale, which he thought, was interrupted by the entrance of her father, but her manner seemed to beckon him on. He was almost in love. Summoning her father to his apartments by note, and the old gentleman appearing within the hour, the enamored one came to the point with a firmness and self-possession impossible in a lover under forty.

"Is Celeste engaged?"

"She is not."

"Would it be agreeable to her parents if Colonel Burr should make overtures for her hand?"

"It would be most agreeable."

The lady had gone to spend some days six miles into the country, and thither her lover went the next morning, with an eager but composed mind. Celeste enters the drawing room, though he had not asked especially for her. Conversation ensues. She is all wit and gaiety; more charming than ever, the lover thinks. He tries to turn the conversation to the subject nearest his heart; but she, with the good humored, graceful malice of lovely women, defeats his endeavors, and so at last, quite captivated he takes his leave.

The same hour the following morning finds him, once more, with a tale with the beautiful Celeste. Conversation again. But this time the great question was put. To the surprise of this renowned lady-killer, Celeste replies that she is firmly resolved never to marry.

"I am very sorry to hear it, madam; I had promised myself very great happiness, but cannot blame your determination."

She replied: "No; certainly, you cannot; for I recollect to have heard you express surprise that any woman should marry, and you gave such reasons, and with so much eloquence as made an indelible impression upon my mind."

The disappointed avian received the rebuff with perfect courtesy and good humor. They parted the best friends.

"Have you any commands to town, madam? I wish you a good morning."

Two days passed. Then a note from Celeste surprised the rejected, informing him that she was in town for a few hours and would be glad to see him. He was puzzled and hastened to her for a solution. The interview lasted two hours, in the course of which the tender subject was faintly touched, but the lover forebore to renew his suit, and the conversation ended without result. Next day another note from the lady, sent in from the country, expressing an "unalterable determination never again to listen to his suit, and requesting that the subject might never be renewed."

Late in the evening of the same day, on returning to his lodgings the Vice President learned that a boy had been there three times that afternoon to deliver a message to him, but had refused to say from whence it came. At last Colonel Burr's servant had traced the boy to the town residence of Celeste. Early next morning the message came. Celeste requested an interview. Post haste the Vice President hied to the presence of his beloved. He found her engaged with a visitor, but observed that she was agitated upon his entrance, and impatient for the departure of her guest. At length they were alone, and he waited for her to state her reasons for desiring to see him. With extreme embarrassment she stammered out, after several vain attempts to speak, that she feared her note had not been couched in terms sufficiently polite, and she had therefore wished for an opportunity to apologize. She could utter no more. He, expecting no such matter, stared in dumb astonishment, with an almost half grin upon his countenance. As she sat deeply engaged in tearing to pieces some roses, and he in pinching new corners in the rim of his hat—she all blushes and confusion—he was confounded and speechless—the pair, he afterwards thought would have made a capital subject for the painter. He was the first to recover power to articulate. Denying roundly that the fatal note was anything but polite and proper, he offered to return it, proposed that it should be considered cancelled, and begged to be allowed to call the next morning and renew his suit. To this she objected, but faintly. Waiving his request for a formal permission, he changed the subject, and after an hour's not unpleasant conversation, took his leave.

He now confessed to Theodosia, (his daughter) to whom the affair had been circumstantially related, from day to day, that he was in the condition of a certain court judge, before whom a cause had been too ingeniously argued by the lawyers. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "you must get along with this case as well as you can; for my part, I am swamped." But the sapient Theodosia was not puzzled in the least. "She meant," wrote Theodosia, "from the beginning, to say that awful word yes; but not choosing to say it immediately, she told you that you had furnished her with arguments against matrimony, which in French means, please sir, to persuade me out of them again." But you took it as a plump refusal, and walked off. She called you back. What more could she do? I would have seen you to Japan before I would have done so much."

However, the offer of marriage was never renewed. The lover was probably himself undecided as to the desirableness of the match. But between him and Celeste there was always a tender friendship, and for many months it seemed likely enough that at some unexpected moment the conclusive word would be spoken.

less there was always a tender friendship, and for many months it seemed likely enough that at some unexpected moment the conclusive word would be spoken.

## A Boy's Encounter with a Bear.

[From the Stratford (Canada) Beacon.]

Mr. D. McPhail gives the following particulars of an encounter with a bear which took place in the township of Fallston, on Wednesday, the 14th inst.

On the morning of the day mentioned Mr. James Foster, farmer, on lot No. 4, West Mitchell road, heard a hog making considerable noise, and sent his son George a lad of some fifteen years of age, to see what was the matter, when, on running to the scene of trouble, the lad saw what he supposed to be a large black dog belonging to Mr. McPhail, (on whose land the combat was being waged,) tearing at the neck of a hog belonging to Mr. McPhail and with the intention of releasing his pigskin, throw a stick at the ruthless aggressor, instead to his consternation, a huge bear, when the supposed dog, relinquished his hold upon the hog, and made for himself. Being totally unarmed and no assistance within a quarter of a mile, he at once made for a small iron-wood tree of about five inches diameter. Having got up the tree, what was his terror when he saw the huge bear pursuing him hastily up the branches of the sapling. Having recovered his breath he screamed for help, and in order to retard the progress of his assailant began to shake the sapling, but brain had clutched the branches with an iron grip, and evidently calculated upon a daily morsel for breakfast and continued to raise paw after paw on the branches, till he approached so near as to be almost within reach. The poor lad screamed lustily, and endeavored to break off some of the branches by kicking them down with his bare feet. In this he partially succeeded, when the bear made a vigorous stretch of his muscles and seized the lad by the foot, sinking one of his fangs under the ball of the great toe on the right foot, and slightly scratching the side of the foot with her own sharp teeth.

At this juncture the shaking to and fro of the sapling, with their united weight upon it caused it to bend over until the nearly approached the ground, when, providentially, the monster lost his hold, and the young Foster, bravely clinging to his grasp with unshaken nerve, was elevated by the rising of the sapling. Brain however, did not lose her determination to feast upon his body, and again sprang to the tree, but was evidently too much fatigued to rise on so slender a ladder. At this stage of the contest, the lad's father reached the spot, and saw the huge monster standing on her hind legs, her body extended up the tree, growing fiercely the lad nearly exhausted, clinging to the tree, only a few feet up, with the blood streaming from his lacerated foot. On approaching to the rescue of his son, the infuriated beast turned upon him; but he, with a club in hand, showed a bold front, although out of breath with running. His eldest son now arrived from another part of the farm, when they succeeded in rescuing George from his retreat. Meanwhile several other persons arrived on the spot, and a lad was dispatched for Messrs. William and Walter Walcott, who were soon on the spot, with a dog of more than usual size and courage, which immediately seized the bear by the root of the ear and in the struggle brought him to the ground. Brain now got hold on the shoulder of the dog and nipped him so tight as to make him relinquish his hold. But the courage of brain gave way and she made an attempt to flee, when "Keeper" again seized her by the thigh and brought her back. She now made for a large elm and ascended some forty five feet, and perched in a crotch to scan her assailants. A man was then dispatched for two of our Nimrods, who by a joint attack, both in front and rear, brought her bearship to the ground by a well directed fire.

## Anti-Lecomptonism in North Carolina.

The Americans achieved a victory in the Clingman district, North Carolina, at the late election, quite amounting to the Democracy. Last winter Mr. Clingman was taken from the House to the Senate, and the vacancy was filled at the State election in August. The Democrats anticipated an easy victory, for Mr. Clingman's majority of late years had been about 2,000 in the district. Then too Mr. Gilmer's vote against Lecompton was supposed to have destroyed the American party in the old North State. The Democrats concentrated their force on Mr. Avery, and the Americans nominated Mr. Vance. At the opening of the canvass Mr. Vance took the stump in denunciation of the Kansas frauds and the tyranny attempted to be exercised by the Administration, and although Mr. Clingman came to the rescue of the Democracy and spoke in all quarters of the district, Mr. Vance was triumphantly elected. So hated is Lecomptonism in North Carolina.—*Cleveland Leader*.

BARKS IN THE WOODS.—Two well dressed and respectable-looking women, claiming to have a local habitation and a name in the city on the lake shore, called Cleveland, were found by the police wandering about the streets at a late hour on Monday night, who said they had been dropped into going into a house of ill fame instead of a hotel which they left as soon as they discovered its character, and were unable to find shelter elsewhere. The gallant police, giving credit to what they said, procured them shelter in a respectable house and admonished them of the danger of street-walking at that hour of the night. Since then the wandering fair ones have not been heard of.—*Columbus Statesman*.

## A Manufacturer in the South.

France advertises a preparation which he calls "Eau de Noblesse," an elixir that it makes the hair always preserve an "honorable" direction, and gives to the person who uses it an air of distinction and supremacy.

A lady recently told her 'help,' newly arrived, to boil the clothes, preparatory to washing. Several hours after, she found that the ten kettle had been filled, and was doing good service, but slowly, an account of its limited capacity.

A Mr. Lamar, hailing from Charleston, publishes an address to the people of the South, in which he urges a revival of the slave trade. He closes thus: "I will re-open the trade in slaves to foreign countries, and your cruisers can catch me if they can."